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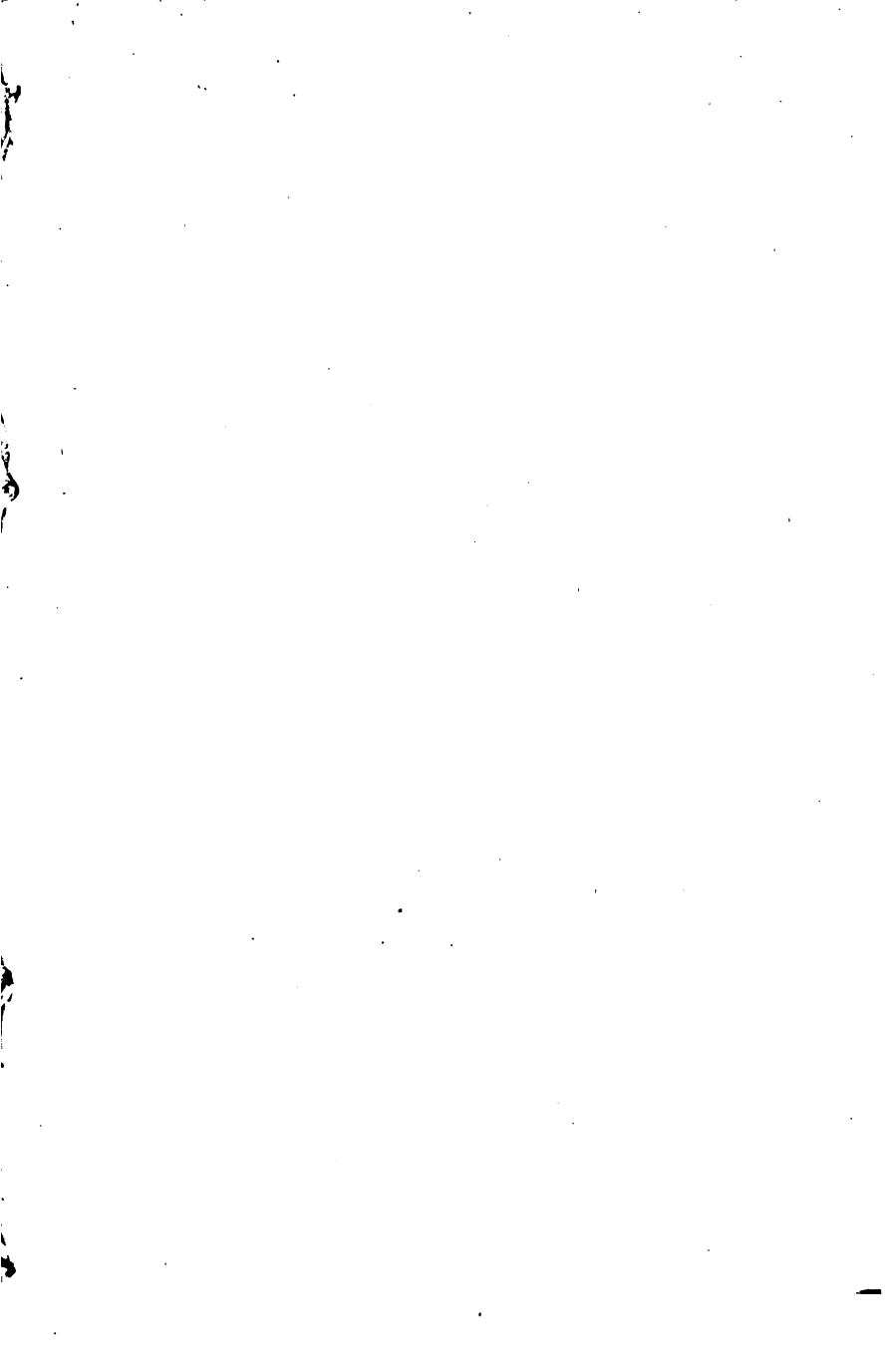


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HIS HAT AND CANE

A Comedy in One Act

BY

COUNT W. SOLLOHUB

AUTHOR OF "THE SERENADE"

TRANSLATED BY MEMBERS OF THE
BELLEVUE DRAMATIC CLUB
OF NEWPORT

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1902



F. E. Chase

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NOTE.

There is no change of scenery in these plays. The division of the text into "scenes" merely follows the French literary custom, and indicates no interruption of the action whatever. The stage is set to represent an interior, but no scenery is actually necessary.

HIS HAT AND CANE.

BY COUNT W. SOLLOHUB.

CHARACTERS.

MADAME DANISHEFF, *a Young Widow.*

COLONEL HENRI DE BERARD, *35 years of age.*

MARQUIS DE SANTA-FLORA, *70 years of age.*

THE VICOMTE DE BARBEBICHE, *22 years of age.*

VICTORINE, *a Servant.*

The scene represents the interior of a villa near Monaco

SCENE I.

VICTORINE—THE MARQUIS.

Victorine arranging the room. The Marquis appears with a large bouquet in his hand.

Marquis. I ask pardon if I do so incommode. [*Look of admiration and surprise.*] Oh ! holy Madonna, how she is beautiful !... What age have you, my dear ?

Victorine. Me ? about the age of your granddaughter !

Marquis. Ah ! how she is wicked !

Victorine. What do you want here ?

Marquis. What I do want ? I have forgot . . . Ah ! I do remember. Tell me, it is here where lives that magnificent donna Roussa, or Polonesa, or of Herzegovina—I do not know exactly—always alone—the unfortunate—always alone. Favor me to give her my card. Here ! take !—The Marquis of Santa-Flora, of the princes of the Casabianca, and tell to her that if she would have need of the protection of one man well known, I will place my candidature, as they say in France—here is twenty francs for you. [*Victorine takes the bouquet and money: the Vicomte enters suddenly, with bouquet in hand—he turns quickly to the wall, and looks at pictures.*] Oh ! Lord ! one young man !

SCENE II.

THE SAME—THE VICOMTE.

Vicomte [*speaking very quickly*]. This is the place . . . Young lady, your parents live at San Remo! your name is Victorine ; you have been for the last eight days in the service of a lady who calls herself Madame Danisheff, a high-sounding Russian name, which has never existed and which she has invented . . . It's suspicious, very suspicious ; but I don't care for that—she is charming, I am charming, we are both charming—we were made to know each other. You will go immediately and give her this little bunch of flowers, and the serpent which is hidden in

it. My card ! the Vicomte de Barbebiche, whom the envious call " the woman-killer ; " but whom women of taste proclaim the most bewitching fellow in that world called Paris—and take this twenty-franc piece, too, the last relic of the great battle which took place this morning on the heights of Monte Carlo. Go ! go ! go !

Victorine. I should like nothing better than to carry your cards and bouquets . . . Only, I am sure to be scolded. My mistress has forbidden me to let any strangers in, or to receive anything from them.

Vicomte. Have you finished ?

Victorine. Bah ! forty francs for being scolded . . . it's worth that, I'll go. [*Exit.*]

Marquis. Bravo ! Vicomte. [*They shake hands.*]

SCENE III.

THE MARQUIS—THE VICOMTE.

Vicomte. Marquis ! sure to find you when there is a pretty woman about. Decidedly you spoil the profession for us.

Marquis. My dear friend . . . it is not a profession, it is a habitude I have for sixty years. For us Italians, it is necessary only three things . . . the sun . . . the music . . . and the society of women.

Vicomte. What could you want more ?

Marquis. Have you been at the tir yesterday ?

Vicomte. Don't speak of it—covered with dis-

grace. Out of twelve pigeons, I only touched two, and the second wasn't sure.

Marquis. How was that ?

Vicomte. Thanks to an accident to my carriage, which caused my hand to tremble.

Marquis. And where do you lodge, my friend ?

Vicomte. I don't lodge... I haven't the time to lodge... I circulate.

Marquis. On the railway ?

Vicomte. Certainly... How can I help it ! Juliette from the Vaudeville lives at Cannes... The pretty Hungarian Countess at Antibes... Lady Boswell is at Nice... Madame Danisheff is here at Monaco... At San Carlo there is the gaming-table... The charming Rovanoff girls are at Menton. I am obliged, you know, to see all these people every day... I am used up—I am turning into a locomotive.

Marquis. It is true ! Nice is no more as it was——

Vicomte. Then again there are the excursions... the promenades... I have been taken three times to Saint Raphael to see that curious hermit, who attracts more attention in his solitude than his more sociable brethren.

Marquis. And how does the play treat you, my dear friend ?

Vicomte. Me ! I am a pigeon, and only second-rate amongst this feathered tribe... my only consolation is that the gaming-table has taught me policy...

Marquis. How is that ?

Vicomte. You observe, at the table, some see everything too much in a red light ; others in a black

... now the wisest plan is to guess the intermission.* But that is not my disposition.

Marquis. Bravo ! These are calembours that you say...

Vicomte. No ; they are philosophic ideas which suggest themselves to me in the railway, when there is no pretty woman in the same carriage with me to distract my attention... But talking of pretty women... Do you know the one who lives here ?

Marquis. Not at all. And you ?

Vicomte. Not the least in the world... What do you think of her ?

Marquis. Adorable, my dear...

Vicomte. Neither husband, nor father, nor uncle, nor companion—none of the strict indispensables—

Marquis. But she does not seek to make the acquaintances—

Vicomte. Ah ! my dear Marquis, we Parisians are not taken in by such tricks ; that's to make herself sought after—to give piquancy to the affair. It is as of old—Atalanta, who only ran fast enough to keep her lovers in pursuit. She is cunning.

Marquis [*after deep thought*]. Perhaps—

Vicomte [*seeing Victorine, who comes back with bouquets*]. By Jupiter ! ... Here come our bouquets, which have made a journey there and back.

Marquis. Oh, she has grief, La Bellina.

* Term used at the *Rouge et Noir* table.

SCENE IV.

THE SAME—VICTORINE.

Victorine [*with a bouquet in each hand, crying*]. Hi ! hi ! hi !! My mistress says [*crying*] that if you don't let her alone she will complain to the police of Monaco [*crying*], and then she [*crying*] has sent me away. There, take your nasty flowers and go away quick. [*Crying.*] [*She gives the flowers to the wrong person.*]

Marquis. But this is not my bouquet. For shame ! the stupid, he sent one bouquet of camellias. It is an injure. She has the reason to be angry. Give me back my violets and my rosebuds... with the women it is necessair to be always delicate. I will come back alone... Ha ! ha ! we will see... We will see again. Addio, Vicomte. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

VICTORINE—THE VICOMTE.

Vicomte. How the devil could I have been so idiotic as to send my bouquet with that of this antedeluvian doge ? Accepting one, she had to accept both. Ah ! you are playing a great game, madame. Well, I won't acknowledge myself beaten. I will return alone and will play the grand rôle of the poet Saint Martin. [*To Victorine.*] I hope you won't bear me ill will. I will make it up to you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

VICTORINE, alone.

Victorine [*crying*]. Oh, how unhappy I am ! My parents think that I am at San Remo making my fortune ; and here I am turned out in the street with two Napoleons... What am I to do ? Nothing... I know ! I'll give these two twenty-franc pieces to my cousin to put upon number 32—the number that always wins. That will make me a million ! No ! that won't make a million, a little less, I expect. A great deal less. Never mind... I will marry my cousin, and we will open a hotel at Nice and fleece the strangers.

SCENE VII.

VICTORINE—MADAME DANISHEFF.

Madame D. [*enters*]. I have written to Nice to have a lady's maid sent to me. As soon as she arrives you will leave the house.

Victorine. Oh, madame, I beg of you... forgive me this time...

Madame. So that you may go on bringing notes and bouquets to me, eh ? What do they take me for ? They won't let me be at peace for one moment, but persecute me by sending all sorts of silly protestations, because I am alone and have no protector.

Victorine. And do you really wish to be quiet?

Madame. Why, certainly I do.

Victorine. I did not think that you really wanted to live without seeing any one ; such a thing is never done here. Well, madame, I have a talisman ; if you will use it, no one will dare to say a word that can offend you. Will you forgive me if I get rid of your persecutors altogether ?

Madame. I will forgive you and thank you with all my heart.

Victorine. Then I'll go and get it. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

MADAME DANISHEFF, alone.

Madame. My position is most intolerable . . . Henri insisted so strongly that we should be alone when he returned from Egypt. Dear fellow ! He has loved me ever since I was a little girl ; he ran away when my parents married me to the man of their choice—and now I am free. He is coming back in a week, in the midst of these persecutions—it is terrible.

SCENE IX.

MADAME DANISHEFF—VICTORINE.

Victorine [*enters with man's hat and cane*]. Here they are, madame.

Madame. What does this mean ?

Victorine. These, madame, are the hat and cane belonging to the porter. He is very elegant when he puts them on to go to Nice.

Madame. But what do you bring them here for?

Victorine. They are your protectors. We will put them in a conspicuous place . . . on the sofa . . . when some impudent fellow comes, he will see first the hat, which will make him feel disagreeable, and then he will see the cane, which will make him feel worse . . . and he won't come again.

Madame. What nonsense!

Victorine. Oh, madame, I beg of you to try my talisman. Look, there is the old Marquis peering round the house. Let him come in. He'll turn himself out very quickly. I'll answer for it with my head. Let me call him—you will see. Come in, sir.

SCENE X.

THE SAME—THE MARQUIS.

Marquis [*coming in*]. Oh, beautiful of my soul, I know you refused to see me because that stupid little Frenchman was here. I will be protector to you, *sério* . . . Here are flowers, my diva, which are not so beautiful as you.

Madame. Victorine, put this bouquet in that vase. . . . Sit down, Marquis, on the sofa . . . You will find it very comfortable.

Marquis [*seeing hat and cane*]. Oh diavolo! what ees it—that!

Victorine. Never mind them, they belong to Monsieur.

Marquis. [*aside*]. What! I did not know that there was... At my years, in my position I will not that I am compromise. [*Aloud*.] Oh! I demand of you one thousand pardons, madame. I only wish to inform myself if there was an appar-te-ment to rent, for my friend the Minister of Portugal.

Madame. No, sir, there is not.

Marquis. Then it is to next door I run. The Minister arrives to-morrow. I hope again to see you...

Madame. As you please, sir.

Marquis [*makes low bows, and retires precipitately; in going out he runs against the Vicomte*]. My dear, she is charming.

SCENE XI.

THE VICOMTE—MADAME DANISHEFF—VICTORINE.

Vicomte. Madame, turn me out of doors, I will come back by the window; throw me out of the window, I will come back by the chimney. Have pity on me, I can't sleep, I never eat anything, I scarcely live. A fatal passion has taken possession of my soul, which absorbs all my being, will end but with my life! Here are some flowers.

Madame. Victorine, put this bouquet at the side of the other. Pray sit down, sir.

Vicomte. Sit down ! Never ! I cast myself at your adorable feet and swear to live but for you. [*On one knee.*] Oh ! madame, if you could understand...

Victorine [*taking him by the shoulder*]. Why don't you take a seat ? when madame tells you...

Vicomte. Since you insist upon it. [*He turns on his knee, sees the hat and cane, and jumps suddenly to his feet.*] Heavens ! there is a garrison in the place... [*Aside.*] That's not at all the thing. I shall be turned into ridicule. The whole town will laugh at me. [*Aloud.*] Excuse me ! but to whom do these utensils belong ?

Victorine. The hat and cane belong to Monsieur...

Vicomte. Oh ! the cane belonging—I was just about to ask the honor of an introduction, madame... [*Looking at his watch.*] But what have I done ? I shall be late for the train. I am obliged to go to Menton... I lead such a busy life that every moment... you understand...

Madame [*laughing*]. Don't let me keep you, I beg.

Vicomte [*aside*]. She is laughing at me—well played. [*Aloud.*] Do you take long walks, madame ?

Madame. Yes, sir.

Vicomte. And always alone ?

Madame. Always alone.

Vicomte. You cannot find that very amusing ?

Madame. Much more so than being bored by a companion.

Vicomte [*aside*]. She is very clever. I have a strong desire to throw that hat and cane to the devil and take their place. [*Aloud.*] May I hope, madame, to have the pleasure of seeing you again?

Madame. Not very soon, sir, I have something else to do.

Vicomte. I will wait. [*Aside.*] She is charming. [*Aloud.*] Madame [*makes low bow and exit*].

SCENE XII.

MADAME DANISHEFF—VICTORINE.

Victorine. Well! madame, what do you say?

Madame. How dishonorable, inconstant and stupid men are... Not all, happily. [*To Victorine.*] Thank you, Victorine, you shall stay. If a letter should come, you will find me on the terrace. [*Exit.*]

Victorine. My cousin taught me that trick. It always succeeds. [*Sees Henri approaching.*] There is the third...

SCENE XIII.

VICTORINE, afterward HENRI.

Henri [*coming in*]. Is Madame Danisheff at home?

Victorine. Madame is engaged.

Henri. Take her this card. She expects me...

Victorine [*takes card and exit*].

Henri [*alone*]. At last. Three years of suspense, of patience, of agony, of martyrdom, are no more than a nightmare. I shall now know what happiness is... What a strange sensation! My feet on the earth but my soul in the skies, where space exists no more, where time is stationary, where there is nothing but love—love, the source and end of all things... Oh! how beautiful existence is! How happy I am, that I have kept my heart free from the taints of a dissipated life. She wrote me three months ago, "Everything will be ready, the papers, the bans... three days after your arrival at Monaco, we will go to the church, and I will be your wife." She, my wife, my only love; the love, without hope, of all my life. Who was that fool who said, "Supreme felicity does not exist on the earth"? It is here that she has come to wait for me... here, everything speaks to me of her.

SCENE XIV.

HENRI—VICTORINE.

Victorine [*running in*]. Madame will be here immediately; she is arranging her hair.

Henri. What! she thinks of her hair at such a moment? [*He sees hat and cane.*] A hat and cane here!... [*Rushes over to Victorine, bringing her to sofa.*] What is the meaning of that?

Victorine. What?

Henri. That!

Victorine. That? Why, the hat and cane of Monsieur.

Henri. To whom do they belong?

Victorine. To whom? to Monsieur.

Henri. To what Monsieur?

Victorine. Don't you know that wherever there is a pretty woman there is always a Monsieur? always!

Henri [*aside*]. She has deceived me. How could she so lower herself. I thought her an angel... She is but a woman, after all... they are all alike... weak and frivolous—I shall not survive it. There is one advantage in life, you can easily get rid of it... [*Aloud.*] Is the sea near here?

Victorine. Very near, sir; take the road to the right. [Exit.

SCENE XV,

HENRI, alone.

Henri. She is married, or going to be married... Any other supposition would be impossible. Yes! her pride alone would save her... But I have my pride. My whole life has been one of pride and devotion... If I destroy myself, I leave her eternal remorse... Ah, I love her too much to punish her—I will even spare her the shame of confessing her treachery... I have never trembled when in deadly peril on the sea—I have never trembled when I fought my way through showers of bullets on the field of battle... but I tremble now, because a woman has deceived me...

SCENE XVI.

HENRI—MADAME DANISHEFF.

Madame [*coming in*]. Is it you? Is it really you?

Henri [*crying out*]. Soph... [*recollecting himself*]. It is indeed, my dear madame. As I was passing through Monaco, I stopped to pay my respects to you.

Madame [*surprised*]. Passing through?

Henri. You know I always had an inclination for a dissipated life—but I never had the leisure to indulge it. Now I am going to make up for lost time. I am a gambler at heart. I want to break the bank at Monte Carlo. They say it is impossible; but as the impossible has always tempted me, I shall try it.

Madame. Why this sudden excitement? Are you in trouble?

Henri. Oh! I have wandered about the world too much to be troubled or astonished at anything—anything! You have a large society at Monaco?

Madame. You used to be very quiet when I knew you before.

Henri. On the contrary, I was very frivolous and gay—at heart. Now I show my nature. You see travel forms one—sometimes it deforms. [*Aside*]. My God! she is more beautiful than ever.

Madame. But will you not sit down? You must be tired.

Henri. You are right; I am almost dead with fatigue—I think I never shall feel at rest again.

Madame. You arrived this morning?

Henri. This morning...No. That is to say—Yes...I arrived two days ago, I think. [*Laughing.*] By the by, I haven't told you the delightful adventure I had...I am married.

Madame [*jumping up from her seat*]. You, married!

Henri. I am, indeed. Why do Englishmen have such a mania for traveling? And if it was only English men, but there are the English women.

Madame. You have married an English woman?

Henri. Yes!* I believe there is not a Frenchman in the world who has not at one time in his life been tempted to marry an English woman. I...as many others have done...

Madame. What is her name?

Henri. Whose?

Madame. Why, your wife's?

Henri. Her name? My wife's? Oh!—Sarah.

Madame. A very pretty name.

Henri. Isn't it?

Madame. Does she speak French well?

Henri. Not badly. Although she has a strong accent. But I have assured Fanny that she will soon get rid of it.

Madame. But you said her name was Sarah...

Henri. Yes, certainly! That is her name to the world. But at home, we call her Fanny; it's more familiar—and then, you know, the English have a great many names...Why, Constantinople is one of her names, given to her because her parents resided in that town some time.

Madame. And was it there you became acquainted with her ?

Henri. No, it was at Cairo.

Madame. Lately ?

Henri. Not very long ago.

Madame. How did you become acquainted with her ?

Henri. You wish to know ?

Madame. Very much.

Henri. Well, it is a sort of thing which happens every day. I went to see the Pyramids, near one of which there is a large head, with a broken nose. It was amongst the Pyramids. I was traveling with a man whom I had met everywhere. He wore a gray suit of clothes, a gray hat, and gray beard—on his hat a green veil. He wore all his beard, but no mustache... I thought at first he was an American. But I found out he was English.

Madame. It was the father ?

Henri. I beg your pardon, madame... It was the uncle ; the father and mother, worn out with traveling, were recruiting their strength in Yorkshire.

Madame. Oh !

Henri. A very good fellow, but eccentric. He had his pockets full of Bradshaw's and other guide-books, on which he verified with a pencil, like an appraiser, every place indicated.

Madame. Didn't he bore you ?

Henri. Not at all.

Madame. And the niece was pretty ?

Henri. Very pretty... Eyes like transparent turquoises... Complexion like strawberries and cream.

Madame. And blonde, naturally?

Henri. Decidedly—I discovered a new sensation. I found that I was born for blondes, even pale blondes—Marguerite, Ophelia. The brunette is exacting, the blonde is caressing. The brunette demands your assistance, the blonde implores it. Sarah—Fanny, I should say—had a horrible fear of crocodiles, and begged me to show her one... Now, you understand, that when in going from one Pyramid to another, a young blonde, with the name Constantinople, asks you for crocodiles in those deserts, where there are camels, giraffes, dervishes, hippopotamuses, you lose your head. You don't know what you are talking about... Oh! I am choking! [*He rises.*] Good-by, madame. [*Silence.*]

Madame. You go back to Nice?

Henri. Yes.

Madame. To your wife?

Henri. Yes.

Madame. Do you stay long there?

Henri. I don't think so... My wife says that there are too many people at Nice. I think we shall leave there this evening.

Madame. Where do you go?

Henri. I don't know, exactly—to the north or to the south... Anywhere, just as she wishes.

Madame. That's very natural... Well, I wish you a pleasant journey.

Henri [*with great excitement*]. Oh ! let me look at you once more !

Madame. Leave me, sir. Never enter my presence again.

Henri. May you never regret this, madame !
[*Goes out quickly. Madame D. falls into chair and bursts into tears.*]

SCENE XVII.

MADAME DANISHEFF—then VICTORINE.

Madame. My God ! my God ! all is over for me—it will kill me... But what will people say ? what will he think ? That his desertion has caused my death... No ! he shall never know what I suffer—Death, yes ! but humiliation, never. [*She rings. To Victorine, who enters.*] Victorine, get out my diamonds, and a handsome walking suit. Are my persecutors still there ?

Victorine. They are walking up and down the street, opposite your windows.

Madame. Well, beg them to come in ; say that I have a favor to ask of them—and take back those ridiculous things to the porter.

Victorine. Are you serious, madame ?

Madame. Do what I tell you. [*Victorine takes out hat and cane.*] Well, after all, I only do as everyone else does—I will amuse myself in spite of the despair in my heart. [*Marquis and Vicomte coming in.*]

SCENE XVIII.

MADAME DANISHEFF—THE MARQUIS—THE
VICOMTE.

Madame. Come in, gentlemen, I beg of you. Sit down ; you may do so safely now. You may think me capricious...but you know it is a woman's privilege.

Vicomte [*aside*]. The cane is not there.

Marquis [*aside*]. What does this mean ? There is no hat here !

Madame. I do not wish to deceive you any longer. I am alone at Monaco... Completely alone, and you understand that at my age, one needs a little amusement. Marquis, will you escort me to the gaming-tables ? and, Vicomte, every one says that you are a skillful player—will you teach me how to place my money ?

Vicomte. Willingly, madame. Do you wish to win ?

Madame. Win... Why ? Oh, I don't care.

Vicomte. Because to win, you know, requires courage. Have you courage, madame, and coolness ?

Madame. I have courage enough, God knows.

SCENE XIX.

THE SAME—HENRI.

Henri [*coming in*]. I beg your pardon, madame. I had forgotten to tell you that I saw your brother in Florence, and that he begged me to give you this package.

Madame [*without looking at him*]. Thank you... put it on that table, if you please... Then, this morning, gentlemen, we will go to the gaming-tables... Only allow me the time to dress... I am hardly fit to be seen. Oh, I am crazy to gamble; what emotion it must give one!

Marquis. Unfortunately, this day I can't accompany you; I must make the reception to my friend, the Minister of Portugal, who arrives just now from Marseilles.

Madame. Very well, I will go with the Vicomte... why not? Oh! I hear there will be a grand entertainment at the club this evening; a celebrated prima donna is to sing. It will be delightful. You will get me a ticket, will you not? [*Marquis and Vicomte look at each other, embarrassed.*]

Marquis. They are all taken—the tickets.

Madame. Oh, I think you can find some, if you try very hard.

Vicomte. Utterly impossible—they are very strict—they only receive persons well known in society. They are very select.

Henri [*who has been standing in the background*]. Impertinent scoundrel!

Vicomte. Halloa! [*Aside.*] The man of the hat. [*Aloud.*] What did you say, sir?...

Henri. Here is my card—

Vicomte [*reading card*]. Henri de Berard. What! are you Colonel Berard the famous hunter, known all over Africa and India?

Henri. At your orders.

Vicomte [*aside*]. The devil ! [*Aloud.*] Very well, sir. [*He gives him his card.*] Here is my card. We will talk of this later. Now, madame, if you wish to go to the casino, I am at your service. Shall I order a carriage ?

Madame. I wish to know first by what right this person presumes to act as my protector. He is nothing more than a stranger to me—a man whom I don't even know.

Henri. It is very true, madame, there are rights you have deprived me of, and given to another, happier, and no doubt worthier than I am. But as to the right of defending you, that right I will keep as my last and only treasure, and, by heaven ! I will relinquish it only with my life.

Madame. And what will your wife say ?

Henri. You know very well that I have no wife.

Madame. Henri, you have deceived me.

Henri. Was I not forced to, that I might spare you the avowal of your marriage ?

Madame. My marriage ? To whom ?

Henri. How should I know—to that gentleman who left his hat and cane lying about your room.

Marquis. Oh, I would wish very much to know who is that man that has there his hat and cane.

Vicomte. So would I. Do tell us who this individual with the hat and cane is ?

Madame. What, Henri ! . You, too . . . You didn't understand . . . now I see it all. [*Rings bell. To Victorine, who enters.*] Victorine, what have you done with the hat and cane ?

Victorine. Madame, the porter has his hat on his head, and his cane in his hand. He has gone to Nice.

Henri. Then...?

Madame. First, I wish to say to these gentlemen, that my name is not Danisheff ; I have another name—a name so noble, that even the Marquis de Santa-Flora would not be compromised by giving the bearer his arm...if she would condescend to take it...

Marquis. Oh ! madame !...

Madame. I confess it is all my fault ; but when a woman is in despair, and does not wish to show it—however, I will tell you my romance with Henri another time. You begged, my dear friend, that on your return, I should meet you, not in the world of my relations, but alone by the sea-side, free to enjoy our reunion without intruders. We could neither of us have foreseen what has happened. Victorine has made use of instruments of defense which have worked so well that they very nearly shipwrecked our happiness.

Vicomte. I wait your orders, Colonel.

Henri. I regret my hastiness ; will that satisfy you ?

Vicomte. Perfectly.

Marquis. You would permit me, illustrious Colonel, sometimes to pay my court to madame ? I cannot help... when I see a woman so charming ; it is second nature.

Henri. Why, certainly, Marquis ; I should be delighted... if my wife will allow it.

Madame. Henri ! I ought to be angry with you for

doubting me, but I am so happy that I give up my pride.

Victorine [*to Vicomte*]. How much can you win by putting two louis on number 32 ?

Vicomte. You can gain the price of your ticket to Paris.

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ACT III.—The midnight supper. Madeline does police duty. Eleanore's adventure. Juliet's alarm. "A ghos' ob one ob Massa Linkum's sojers." Rosy reluctant. The sleeping beauty. A surprise. Eleanore missing. "Something else is gone too—the Yankee suit!" Cecile changes sides. "Ou' fam'ly respect' courage, whe'ever it is." Madame's return. War news. Eleanore's father. Madame's choice. "For the Blue or the Gray?" Acquitted.

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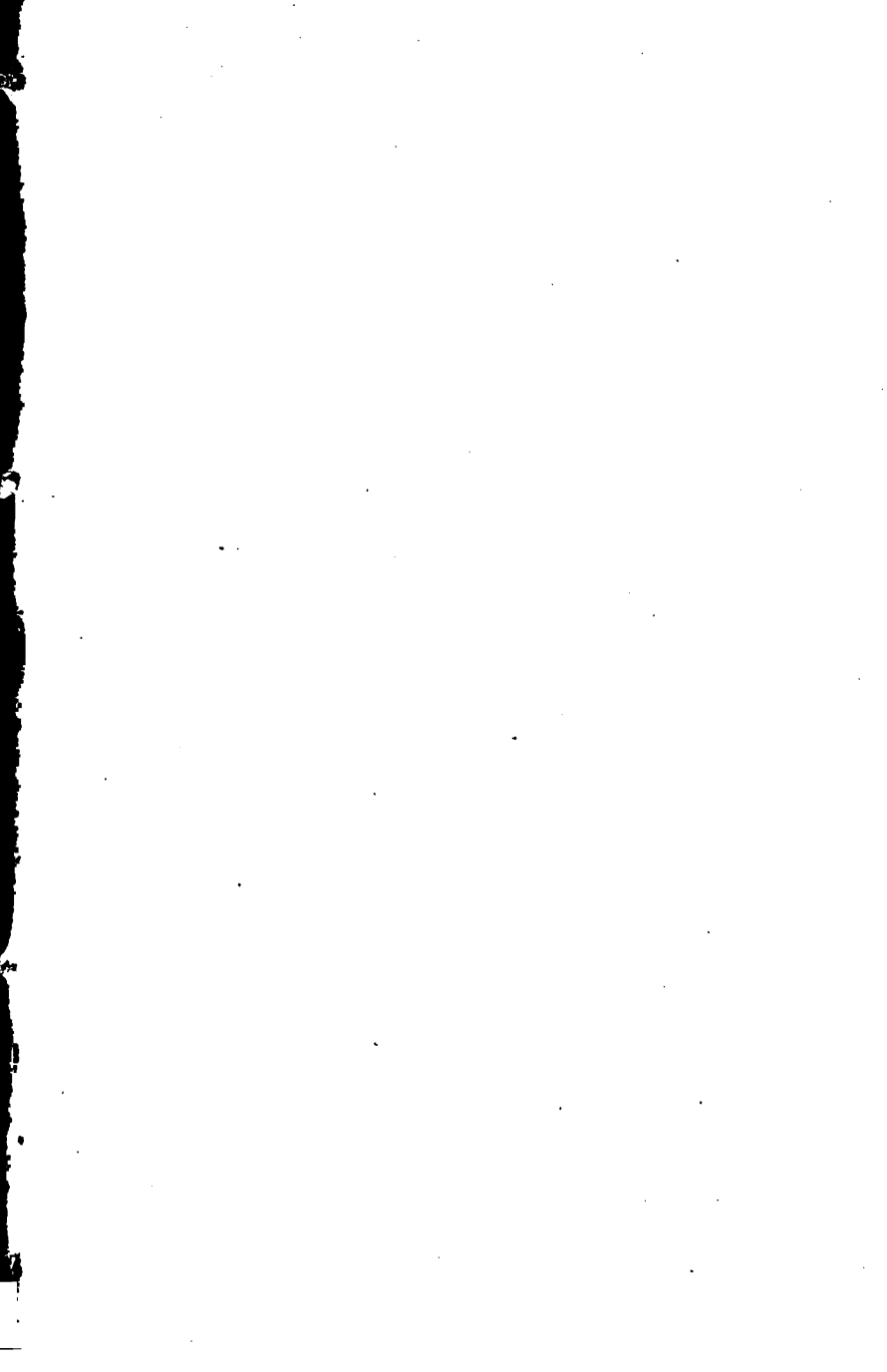
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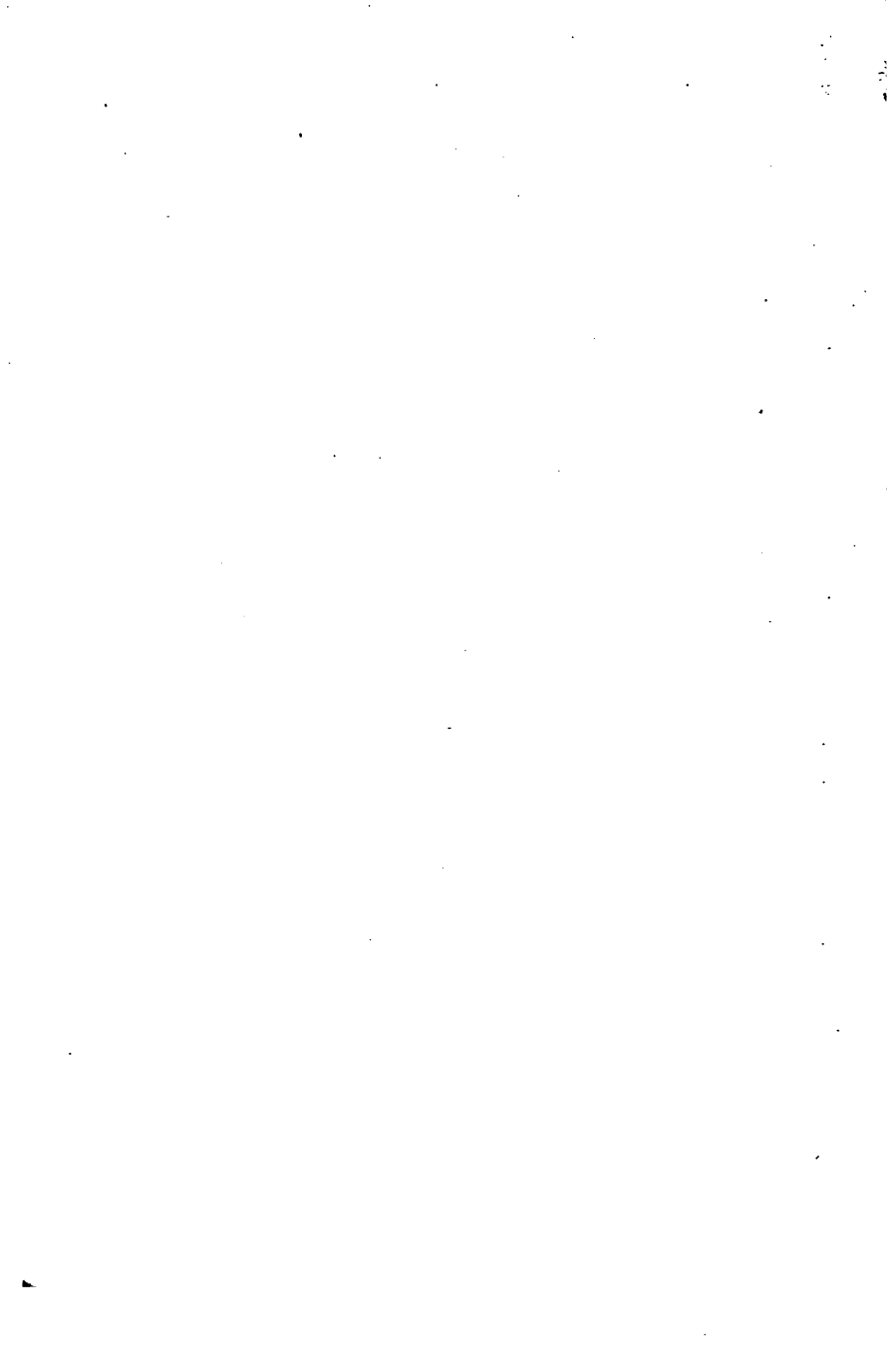
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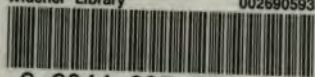


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